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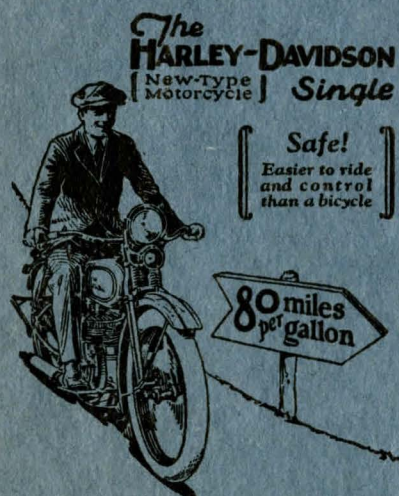
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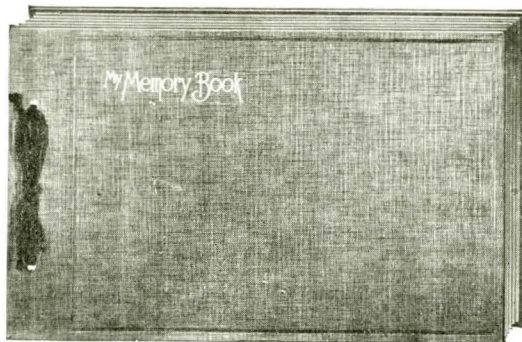
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# THE SPIRIT



VOL. XVI

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 1

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## EDITORIALS

## THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Undoubtedly you have often heard one of your fellow students say, "I came to school to study and learn. Why should I make friends? Why should I participate in activities? What good will they do me?" And others form friendships and enter into student activities. Did you ever wonder why they should or why you should?

According to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the fundamental need of the world is friendship. He believes that through friendship one finds help in life's difficulties; that through it one finds preservation of morals; that through it one may save his life from selfishness. We can readily see this is true. He also says that to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served, is the real glory of life, and that the cultivation of friendship is a duty and a necessity.

But how can I cultivate friendships? The way to have a friend is to be one. His statement: "To do for others what you would have them do for you," summarizes the whole duty of a friend. Suspicion is deadly to true friendships. "Do not be haughty and scornful in your estimate of others," he pleads.

The choice of friends is one of the most important duties we have. A man is known by the companions he keeps. They reveal his desires and ambitions. Dr. Fosdick truly tells us that friendship both affects and reflects character.

We learn from him that there are those who find it hard to form friendships. They are a little too disdainful of others. Then there are those who easily find companions. They are friendly to everyone but a friend to none. Their friends are not true and lasting. It may seem difficult to avoid these extremes. However, do avoid them. Be friendly to everyone, regardless of his class, rank, and station. But in the meantime form a few intimate lasting friendships—those of whom you can be proud. It will pay!

—Edward Kilgore, '27.

## "BE YOURSELF"

Not so long ago the phrase "be yourself" was current; it was the standard clever remark for quite a while. Though often spoken lightly, there is much meaning in it—if you look.

How many people do you know who do their thinking by proxy, as it were? If you and one of these people both know John Brown of Rising Sun, Ohio, the inevitable remark is: "The world's such a small place after all!" You know at least one of these people; shame on you if you're one!

We all seem to want to standardize ourselves. We cut our hair just about alike, use the same slang expressions, and confine our conversation to approximately the same topics.

We don't seem to want to be different, and we aren't different. Sometimes we even seem afraid to be original.

But people with brains, and the will to use them in new ways, are the people who control affairs: High schools, colleges, towns, cities, states and even the "great and grand and glorious United States." They are leaders—"go-getters." They are the people to whom others look for leadership.

All this brings us back by degrees to what we started to talk about, "be yourself." Be a person whom people look to for great things because of your reputation. Let's all try to keep from being only followers.

—Raymond Shipman, '28.

## FOR THE GOOD OF THE SCHOOL

Have you ever heard anyone, perhaps yourself, say, "Well, I passed and that's all I care about," or "Any time you see me trying for a ninety again, you won't. It doesn't get you any place." You doubtless have heard it time after time and the speaker probably felt justified in saying it. In fact there is hardly a doubt but that he was sincere.

However, you probably haven't forgotten how you literally "walked on air" when your football team beat Boone 21-0. If, in the last few minutes of play, when they knew they couldn't be beaten, the team had loosened up and let Boone score on them, you would have been disgusted, even if they had won. That is quite natural. A team that doesn't do its best, isn't much of a team. Anyone will concede that.

Well then, how is a person who doesn't do his best so very different from a team that doesn't do its best? The answer is obvious. Neither one of them does the school a great deal of good, and what we expect of our teams, we ought to expect of ourselves.

—Mary Brindley, '28.

## PEP

The football season has been more successful this year than for several seasons past. Immediately on hearing this, you ask yourself the question "Why?" I have not the space required to dwell upon all the different reasons, but I will say that perhaps the most evident reason was that of the fine pep shown this season. It has been especially noted by the Seniors and Juniors who have never before seen such splendid school spirit in their short high school course, and they wonder why. We can hardly give all the credit to the Sophomores. It is more likely due to some inexplicable reason. But the "why" is not so important.

However, there remains the fact that there has been an unusual amount of pep, and you can see the results. Look at the showing your  
(Continued on page 12)



## "AWAY BACK WHEN YE GIRLS WERE GIRLS AND YE MEN WERE MEN"

Once back in ye days when barons held sway there lived in ye north of merry England a noble baron. He lived in ye Castle Croneycrew with his beautiful daughter. Contrary to fact ye baron's name was Sir John Dypp-Septic, although ye gout afflicted him instead of dyspepsia. Ye beautiful Lady Dorothy, as his daughter was called, was just out of Vassar, where she had learned Latin and Greek and as usual with ye fair maids of Vassar had flunked everything but ye Laboratory of ye Campus.

To ye north of ye Castle Croneycrew dwelt ye terrible baron, Lord Henry Hick-Hupp. Ye son of ye Lord Henry Hick-Hupp had come back from Yale endowed beyond his years in ye ways of females, but sadly deficient in ye knowledge of Mathematics and ye Classics.

Now there is a feud of long standing between Sir John and Lord Henry Hick-Hupp. So great is ye feud that ye rafters tremble when ye voice of Sir John rises in denunciation of ye Hick-Hupp. But even so, ye roar of Sir John's voice is but a needle in ye hay-cock compared with ye bellow of rage which escapes ye mouth of Lord Henry when he learns of the capture of his son, Sir Richard, by ye miserable boulder, Sir John Dypp-Septic.

Now, Sir Richard is carried to ye basement of ye castle and here is put in a padded dungeon.

Brave young Sir Richard says to himself, "I am no true son of Yale if I allow this half-wit, cursed with ye gout, to imprison me. Suffering shields! But ye daughter is beautiful."

So with ye desperate mind of ye desperate man, brave young Sir Richard saws ye prison bars with a hack saw made from a concealed dagger. Now ye young knight is escaped from ye cell but not from ye castle. Ye young knight wanders stealthily around trying to find an exit. At last he discovers what he thinks to be ye outlet for him.

He enters a door and what do you think he sees? Ye beautiful Lady Dorothy is sitting before ye mirror, powdering her pretty nose and combing her shingled locks.

Upon perceiving ye fair maid, ye knight speaks his mind, as follows: "O fair damsel, circumstance places me in thy fair hands. One word from thy mouth will seal my fate or else set free thy humble servant. I would throw myself at thy fair feet but ye knees of mine are too stiff."

"Young man, thy impertinence is great, but

for ye moment, at least, you are safe. Me-thinks you come from ye College of Yale. Am I correct?"

Seeing that he has made a fair impression on ye fair young damsel, ye young knight continues. "Yea, verily, Yale is my Alma Mater. That is beside ye point, however. My safety is ye most important question for thy humble servant."

"Dost thou Charleston?" asks ye fair young damsel.

"Ye black denizen of ye tropical Africa is not my peer," ye young knight answers, drawing up his tall form proudly.

"Dost thou teach it to me, and I will see what I can do for obtaining thy freedom," says ye fair young damsel.

Ye young knight, delighted, answers, "Call a servant to grease ye floor with goose grease. Meanwhile I will take off my armour and roll up my sleeves, for ye Charleston causes perspiration to affect me externally."

Ye young maid does as she is directed and soon ye knight and ye fair maid are ready to start. Ye knees begin to knock and ye toes to wriggle violently as ye Charleston form of syn-copation is taught to ye fair maid. Finally ye fair young damsel's proficiency is as great as that of her teacher.

Ye young maid finally says, "Come here again tomorrow and I will tell thee my plan."

"Ye arrow of Cupid has surely hit yours truly hard," says ye young knight on ye way to ye padded dungeon. "Ye young maid is indeed far too good for anyone except a brave and noble man."

That night the knight spends a sleepless night dreaming of ye fair young damsel and finally when ye set time comes, he is Johnny-on-y-spot.

Ye fair young damsel stuns ye knight with her beauty but he has enough poise left to grasp ye following words: "My father will have a joust one week hence. You may enter it and if thou comest out ye victor, freedom is thine."

Here ye knight forgets himself and grasping ye fair young damsel in his arms he says, "Promise me that if I win you will flee with me on a honeymoon to Gaul and then share ye humble castle with me."

Ye fair young damsel gives herself up to ye young knight's arms for an instant only and then pushing ye young knight gently away she says, "Win if thou can, but win first and we'll see what we can do for ye cause."

Ye young knight returns again to ye cell, but this time happy. He sends a messenger to his



home for his favorite mount and prepares for ye jousting. He knows that his chief opponent will be ye wicked villain, Sir Mortimer Mudd. Sir Mortimer is also a suitor for ye lovely damsel's fair hand and that makes ye tension doubly great.

Finally ye day for ye jousting arrives, as does ye mount of Sir Richard, also. All of ye opponents are disposed of easily by ye champions, Sir Mortimer Mudd, and Sir Richard Hick-Hupp, and at last it is time for them to meet.

Sir Richard fits ye strong lance firmly in ye socket in ye front seat of ye Ford. Ye villain also affixes his lance in ye socket in ye front seat of his Ford.

Ye hero tests all his tires on his Ford with a tire gauge on ye left armoured toe. Ye villain does likewise.

Ye hero tests ye gasoline in a special tank on ye rear of his Ford with a gasoline gauge on his right armoured foot. Ye villain does likewise.

Ye hero spins his Ford, but not in vain, for ye engine starts with a loud noise. After a little adjusting, ye villain does likewise.

Ye hero fastens his spurs firmly into ye brake and clutch for there is to be no reversing. Ye villain does likewise.

Ye villain and ye hero drive to opposite ends of ye field. At a given signal they dash at each other with ye cut-outs open and with a terrific impact. Nothing is damaged. They again drive to ye opposite sides of ye lists, and again ye coming together shakes ye earth with terrible violence. They again drive to ye ends of ye list. Ye hero attaches his new Motometer to his faithful Ford. Full at each other ye hero and ye villain come dashing together again. Ye Fords rear up with ye terrible impact. But look! ye wicked villain is down never to rise again. Ye lance of our hero hath pierced his yellow heart.

Ye hero is declared ye victor and he rides right grandly over to ye judges' stand. There ye beautiful Lady Dorothy places her laurel wreath on ye noble hero's head. She says to him, "Meet me tonight in ye garden, and ye greater reward is yours."

Ye hero promptly goes to ye garden and when ye fair young damsel comes, he gathers her into his strong arms. When ye inevitable kiss comes, ye successful young hero says, "Dearie, I knew I loved you when I first saw you do ye Charleston."

Ye parrot in a nearby cage is watching ye lovers, and at this he says to his mate, "Ye younger generation is ye bunk. Love and kisses all ye time. Dost thou not remember 'way back when, ye girls were girls, and ye men were men?"

First prize. —Donald Fish, '28.

#### THROUGH ANOTHER MAN'S EYES

They had all liked him at school, even during the first year when he had just entered, a little green perhaps, from country school,

where he had left behind him the undignified "Danny," to become to all just Dan Allen. To all, that is, except his mother. It had been a sore point with him, that name—"But then," he thought, "no one will hear it at school and nobody knows my mother."

By the second year he was in swing again and was elected cheer leader. The next year and the next he made his letter in football and began experimentally to date. Now and then during the four years, he met the other fellows' mothers. Each time that he saw them, not rich perhaps, but cool and clean and—ladylike, his heart sank. His mother! What would they think if they saw her? Involuntarily, beyond his control, a picture sprang to his mind. These glad-faced happy mothers, and his own, no older perhaps, but how different! Bent over the mounds of vegetables, with her red chapped hands pushing back grey straggling hair, her shoulders a little bent by the long hard hours of work, she always had those little worried wrinkles even when smiling.

"O Ma," he had protested angrily, "Don't work so hard; we can get along."

But he, too, was selfish and it was easier to let things slip along and try to forget, than to abandon the new life and go back to the farm.

Nine years before his father had died and since then, there had been many anxious hours for the mother in the wind-blown farm house. "Nellie Allen," they had called her (another stab of disrespect to Dan), and they had watched, some indifferently, some indignantly, as with scant help she took a man's place and worked through the blistering summer and on, until her hands grew purple and numb and her sagging man's coat would no longer keep out the cold. Long, long rows they were—cabbages and beets, parsnips, onions, and turnips—all in their season. Thousands of vegetables, she thought. But they all found their way, scrupulously clean to the truck markets in the city.

And why all this fight against odds, the dirt, the sweat, the stench, the long days and the cold grey awakenings? For her the answer was spelled in just five letters, "Danny." She had overthrown his half-hearted excuses with what she considered stronger ones of her own.

"No, Danny," she had said quietly, and the boy never knew what it cost her. "You hate the farm. You must go on. You must go to the city and learn city ways. Two years of college and you can get a big job and be free of the land."

So Dan graduated and no one knew. Dan himself hardly knew what he was doing, but growing on him was a feeling of hatred and shame toward himself. Yes, incredibly, that mother, who loved him, whom he loved, for he did down deep in his heart—he was ashamed of her, ashamed to let the other fellows know. And so the weeks and months slipped by. Each morning he had a guilty feeling of relief in escape, when he shook off the field dust and met his friends; each night he hated himself as his eyes fell before his mother's quiet ones.

"She knows," he thought moodily, "and that's worse than everything else."

But on the last day of the first glorious college year, he fought it out with himself and then with her.

"No!" he cried angrily, angry with himself because it was so hard. "No, I've been a dog long enough. You're right, I can't stay on the farm. I'm not made for it I guess. But—I'll get a job in the city and—hang it all, Ma, you've got to come to town!" And she smiled wistfully, knowing just what it had cost him to make this proposal.

That afternoon in the elegantly furnished office of the Trades' Building he met his new boss. It was a good job with good pay. The quiet luxury of the place thrilled him; and the kindly grey-haired man behind the big desk seemed willing, somehow, to take the place of the father he lost.

"Well, Dan," he had said at last. "I'm glad to try you out on the job and I think you'll fill the bill. Of course, it's a try, and so if you'll come up in a week, I'll tell you the results."

So the week passed and on the last day as he swung out of the home lane and into the road towards town, Dan whistled gaily. Today he would hear the "results," and for all that he could see, they would be favorable.

And then—no one knew how it happened, no one ever does. A sudden harsh roar from behind, gave him barely time to jump clear of the road as a heavy touring car swept around the curve and passed him in a whirl of blinding dust. Then—cr-r-r-ash! With a hoarse shout Dan sprang forward. A crash—and at that place. It could mean only one thing. The powerful car had snapped the flimsy palings ahead and had careened down the bank into the dry gulch. Cutting from the road, Dan smashed through the dead weeds and in a minute was beside the wreck. "It must have turned over three times," he muttered, his eyes darting here and there. And then with a leap he was on the other side. Its last plunge had been partly blocked by a stump and there, beneath the half upright, sagging mass, was the motionless form of a man. Dan shouted with the half hope of being heard and then went to work. It was easier than he had thought. Working swiftly, but with infinite care, he drew the heavy body out of danger. As he peered down into the silent bloodless face, he gasped with horror. It was the boss! Gradually he was coming to, and moaning a little as he regained consciousness.

He must do something. If only he had a car—and on this by-road, it might be hours before one would pass. Then—the alternative—the farm house was just over the hill and no other one within a mile. Hastily covering the man with his coat, he ran for help. At the house the lanky hired man was just finishing his chores. With quickly improvised stretcher, the two slowly carried their burden across the field, through the wide kitchen and into the one spare bedroom. No phone—and so while the hired man rode for a doctor, Dan went to the

barn to tell his mother. "His mother." He groaned. He thought he had fought that fight, but here it was again—more biting than ever.

"But now it's different," he muttered. "It means everything to me, and yes, to her, too. He's got to think well of me—there must be a way."

There was a way. He thought of it as he told her. "And—Ma," he ended, "it's my boss, Mr. Colter, and—of—I can't tell you why, but—couldn't we make it seem, if he has to stay here, as if I was just rooming here—and—Oh, hang it all! It means everything to me, Ma, but you can't understand."

But she did understand. And when he had gone, she stood staring out through the dirty little window.

"Well—maybe Danny's right," she thought wistfully. "Maybe I would keep him from succeeding. If so, I'm not a very good sort of a mother, I guess."

The doctor came and sent back a trained nurse.

"Too much danger. Can't move him," was his verdict.

In a moment of consciousness Dan introduced his mother.

"Mrs. Burns," he muttered. "Live with her." And he wondered if the sick man saw the shame in his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a hazy afternoon a month later. There had been many weary days of watching for the mother. With her time already full, she had steadily insisted on nursing Danny's boss back to health. And as she did less in the open and saw something besides the same dreary round she had known, a new awakening came to her, and the light that had almost died from her tired eyes came back. Danny watched with awe, and another also, Leon Colter, as he saw through half-closed lids the service of the little woman, who had brought him back from the darkness, and as he caught her quiet smile of compassion, had a strong feeling of loneliness. He had no one at all, it seemed. He had thought he would have a friend in Dan, but then Dan was only a boy—and this sweet tired angel. It was too much for her to have to drudge this way. "I wonder," he said dreamily.

That night Dan came in quietly. His mother was neither in the yard nor the kitchen. He opened the bedroom door softly for fear of waking the convalescent, and staggered back against the casement. In the big chair by the window sat a happy, glad-eyed man, and beside him, one timid hand around his shoulders, was Dan's mother. They had seen him.

"It's all right, Danny," she said, with a happy little quiver in her voice. "He says he wants us both, and—he understands."

"—And forgives," joined in the deep voice of the man.

And then, for the first time in his life, and through another man's eyes, Dan saw in his mother the soul of a woman and not a drudge.

Second prize. —Jean Guthrie, '27.



## WIRELESS BY RADIO

James Coventry, wireless operator on board the Coast Guard cutter "Angelus," paused in the act of switching off his new set.

"I guess there's not likely to be anything more now. It's two o'clock and I'm going to bed," he said to the genial first mate.

"All right," said the mate. "You don't mind if I listen in on the news flashes with your set, do you? My little affair won't touch these high wave-lengths."

"K. O." was the reply, "Here's some jazz coming in now. Wonder who's on the air this time of the morning. It's not very good jazz, either, time's all wrong. That's a small matter, though, can't tell whether the music was written that way or not. Probably was. Good night. Hope you catch those 'leggers.'"

"Good night. Maybe we will."

Coventry's bunk was in the far end of the little wireless room. While he was preparing for a night's rest, he hummed a gay song to the blaring of trumpets, beating of drums, and the strumming of banjos many miles away. The mate sat beside the table engrossed in a magazine, the smoke from his pipe curling lazily above him. Almost unconsciously he was tapping his foot in time to the music.

Drowsily Coventry listened to the tapping of the mate's foot. Tap—pause—tap—tap—pause—tap. He tried to figure out of what it reminded him. There was not the regular rhythm of modern jazz to the music and the tapping kept pace with the plainly accentuated pauses and accelerations of the song.

"It sounds like code," thought Coventry. Instantly he was wide awake. He listened a moment, then hastily seized a pad of paper and a pencil from the stand beside his bunk, and began to write feverishly.

"—meet you at Wind Point. Five miles out, just before dawn. Cutter does not suspect. Will bring full order. Dakes," he wrote, then he sprang from his bunk and clapping the mate on the back shouted, "HURRAH! We've got him! We've got him!"

"Got him? Got who?" inquired the mate.

"Dakes!! Wind Point! Five miles out, just before dawn! Hurry! We've no time to lose."

"But how? When—"

"I'll tell you afterwards. Hurry man, or we'll never get there in time."

The entire crew sprang to life at the mention of Dakes' name. He was a well-known rum-runner who had never been caught. At the thought of capturing this noted criminal, the men were in an eager frenzy to reach the spot designated. Smoke poured from the funnels and mingled with the inky blackness of the night. The great engines throbbed and strained. Men stood at their posts peering into the blackness.

Ah! Wind Point at last. The light house on the rocks cast a twinkling glance at the cutter for an instant and was gone. Suddenly a dark bulk loomed before them.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted the look-out.

"Stop her," ordered the captain.

Searchlights stabbed the darkness and swept over the ship before them. On the government ship a one hundred swivel gun silently menaced the outlaw, and a machine gun, mounted forward, spat twice in warning to the crowd of evil-looking men who were revealed by the blinding rays of the searchlight.

"Heave to or I'll riddle you," roared the captain. "Hands up, every man-jack of you." Ten pairs of hands shot skyward while their owners scowled sullenly at their captors.

"'Tis a good night's work, Hobson," said the captain to the mate. "But how on earth did you get on to it?"

"Search me," he replied. "Ask Coventry. He did it."

"Coventry," demanded the captain, "how did you know Dakes was coming here tonight?"

"Well, sir, it's just like this: Hobson asked me if he could use the wireless and I got some music coming in. I went to bed and was almost asleep when I heard Hobson tapping his foot in time to the music.

"I had noticed that the music seemed to be crazy, it slowed down and then speeded up so queerly, but I had thought nothing of it until Hobson began beating time. It sounded like code and so I listened more carefully and got this out of it." Here he produced the paper he had taken the message on.

"Then I jumped up and told Hobson about it. I guess he thought I was crazy and—well, I wasn't so sure about it, either, but I guess not. That sure must be some orchestra those boys have if they are able to play out of time that way."

"By the way, what were they playing?" was the captain's next query.

"Believe it or not," replied Coventry, "it was the 'Prisoner's Song!'"

"Huh!" snorted Hobson. "The next time those boys play the 'Prisoner's Song' they will be broadcasting from Fort Leavenworth."

And they were.

Third prize.

—Boyd Young, '27.

## 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP

Sally Ann, in the arms of her partner, glided lightly down the length of the hall, to the strains of some sweetly enchanting bit of music. She laughed softly to herself, thinking of what Ted had said to her. It was something about her being a dream in that gown. She had laughingly answered that she looked like a nightmare perhaps. In their gaiety they had not noticed Penelope Harrison standing close beside them, cold and haughty in her gorgeous Fifth Avenue gown. Had they noticed, they would have seen the scornful glance cast upon Sally's frock, and the proud toss of her head as she glanced away.

The parents of Penelope Harrison belonged to that admirable class of Americans, who, born to the purple, had the easy natural manner of

refinement. Their daughter did not inherit their democratic spirit. Penelope was a snob. How it had tormented her pride to be sent to public school for her senior year instead of Stockenbridge Preparatory!

However, despite her lofty attitude she liked a number of her classmates. One boy, she truly admired. This was Ted Walker, Captain of the high school eleven. How it had plagued her pride to hear this simple compliment paid to Sally Ann! This was the thorn which pricked deepest in the mind of Penelope. How trivial it seemed! Yet, it was true, such jealousies existed.

Several weeks passed and characters were to be chosen for the class play. Dame Chance must have waved her wand thrice over the heads of Sally and Ted for they were chosen for the leading roles. Penelope, too, was given an important part.

A superior little smile played about the lips of Sally Ann. Ah-ha! She'd show the Lady Penelope! Wouldn't she just walk off with Ted!

The evening of the dress rehearsal Penelope discovered that, as leading characters, she and Sally occupied the same room off-stage. Sally did not leave the wings until the third and last act when she must dress for the great climax—the ball of the Great Rajah! So, while Sally, the Little Princess, on the stage sang her lilt-ing song in the "Garden of Roses," Penelope, in the dressing room gave herself up to broodings. Her roving eye caught sight of the gown Sally would wear in the last act. Suddenly a wicked impulse seized her. She hastily crossed the room and carefully examined the bodice and insets of Italian lace. The gleam in her eyes was not pleasant to see as she thoughtfully replaced the dress.

The night of the play was at hand. The auditorium was crowded. Anxious friends and relatives sat uneasily on the edge of the seats waiting the rise of the curtain on the first scene, the court of the Rajah.

Sally, not leaving the wings in the first two acts, gave Penelope plenty of time to do her disastrous work uninterrupted.

Two acts were finished, each a huge success. Sally returned to her room to don the lovely little oriental gown in which she would appear at the great climax—the announcement of her betrothal to the Prince.

Sally was relieved on entering the room to find it unoccupied by Penelope who had evidently dressed and gone to the wings, leaving the room to Sally. Such consideration from Penelope was surely unusual. Quickly she slipped the little gown over her head, giving it the usual pats to attain the best effect. Suddenly, with no warning whatever, the whole founce below the insets dropped a shimmering mass to the floor.

Horried, she managed to pull her eyes from the wreckage at her feet and look wildly about the room. A little cry escaped her lips as her eyes fell on her one salvation. Under

Penelope's coat hung the gorgeous red and gold gown she had worn from home that evening. Without a moment's hesitation she slipped it from the hook and held it up to her. Perfect. It hung in soft ripples nearly to the floor. How lucky that the last decree from Paris had been long evening gowns!

Sally Ann, in the splendor of her sworn enemy, stepped upon the stage, a creation of beauty.

Those working in the wings were surprised to hear an angry exclamation from the tall, proud, Chinese Medium.

The play was over; the admiring audience was slowly drifting toward the doors. Sally, with a wise little smile, looked up at Ted and hummed a score from one of the choruses—"I'll be waiting—underneath the moon."

Sally, so sure of herself, slipped away to return her borrowed finery and receive the pent-up wrath of the Chinese Medium.

The two girls stepped from their room at the same moment. Each expected to be met by the Prince.

A Princess and a Chinese Medium stopped in amazement, their eyes glued on the sight which their eyes beheld! Ted Walker, Captain of the high school eleven, and Margaret Black, President of the senior class, were walking amicably toward the outside door.

—Ruth Aplin, '28.

## THE TYPIST'S LAMENT

Type, type, type

On yon bright machine,  
The tests are here, the time is ripe;  
Our wits are sharp and keen.

Go SLOW! I say to you, my dear,  
For if you'd be a real, "Speed-terror,"  
You'll have to overcome your fear  
And write without a single error.

Because, you see, it's just like this:  
That "Ten words minus" every time  
Cuts down your gross each time you miss;  
'Tis then your speed's not worth a dime.

If others write much faster yet  
Don't try to keep up with 'em—  
Because for speed you have to get  
That even, easy-going rhythm.

Clickety-clickety-clickety—DING!  
You must shift without a pause,  
But snap just then the bell may ring  
For Rhythm and Accuracy are speed laws.

Slow down 'till you make no mistake,  
Then I can say, "I told you so,"  
For by doing this more speed you'll make  
Don't ask me please, just why I know.

So type, type, type,  
On yon gleaming Underwood,  
To think of speed is what I like.  
(And I'd write it—if I could!!)  
—Boyd Young, '27.



# NEWS

## OUR NEW TEACHERS

We extend a most cordial welcome to our new Superintendent, Mr. M. G. Davis of Carydon, Indiana. Mr. Davis received his training in educational work at various institutions. He received his A. B. degree in 1914 at the Indiana University and in 1920 his A. M. degree at the University of Wisconsin. Later, he took postgraduate work at Columbia University. Mr. Davis has had considerable experience in his work. He first taught in Elkhart, Indiana, and later was principal at Grinnell, Iowa. Later he became Superintendent of Schools at Brooklyn, and then at Indianola, Iowa. Mr. Davis began his duties in Ames on August 1.

After an absence of a year, Mr. Vanderlinden has returned to Ames. Last year he was Superintendent of Schools at Duncombe, Iowa. Since 1921, when he received his B. S. degree at the University of Iowa, he has also taught in the high schools of Linerman and of Creston, Iowa. Mr. Vanderlinden teaches Mathematics and Debate. He is also sponsor for the Hi-Y, and for the Student Council.

Miss Waters of Lexington, Nebraska, is a graduate of the University of Arkansas, where she obtained her A. B. degree in 1922. She also took postgraduate work at the University of Wisconsin. Miss Waters is our new French and English teacher, and is sponsor for "The Spirit" Staff, Movie Committee, and for the Advisory Board. Miss Waters has taught in the high schools of Lexington, and Norfolk, Nebraska.

Miss Kinnier, our new English teacher, has come to Ames after having taught in the high schools of Fullerton, Elgin, and Palmer, Nebraska. Miss Kinnier is actively engaged in various activities about the school. Besides being sponsor for the Dramatic Club and for the Assembly Board, Miss Kinnier is also leader of the high school band and orchestra. Her home is in Spalding, Nebraska. She received her bachelor of Arts degree at Bellevue College, Bellevue, Nebraska.

Mrs. Kilgore, the new Home Economics Supervisor, has charge of the student teachers from the College. She graduated from the University of Chicago with a degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. She has taught in both the high school and grade school of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Miss Coder, our new Physical Training Director, graduated from Iowa State Teachers' College with a degree of Bachelor of Arts. Her home is in Muscatine, Iowa. She taught country school in Muscatine County and also in the Genesco Consolidated School at Bucking-

ham. Here she has charge of the Girls' Athletics, she is assistant sponsor of the Girl Reserves and "A" Club, and she also is a member of the Committee of Awards.

Miss Martha Nauman, our new High School librarian, attended Cornell College, the State University of Iowa and the Chautauqua School for Librarians. She has been an assistant librarian of the City Library for the past four years.

Miss Edna Lewis is our new school nurse. She received her A. B. degree at Oberlin College and later attended the Nurses' Training School of the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago. This is Miss Lewis' fourth year as a school nurse. She occupied the same position for two years at Washington, Iowa, and for one year at Des Moines. She also taught in the High School in Indiana for one year. Miss Lewis is instructor of the Home Hygiene class.

## SOPHOMORES

The Sophomores are gradually getting acquainted with the rules and regulations of Ames High School, and they hope to be a real benefit to the school during the coming year. As is customary, they elected their officers at the first of the school year, the personnel of which follows:

President	Daniel Hayes
Vice President	Marjorie Sill
Secretary and Treasurer	Marjorie Dunlap
Representative to the Student Council	Alice Agg
Representative to the Assembly Board	Byron Tripp

Three Sophomores have their names on the honor roll. They are: Alice Agg, Norman Harvey, and Anafred Stephenson.

## JUNIORS

The Juniors have shown their sterling worth by entering wholeheartedly into all the school activities. As a result of an eloquent oration delivered by Fred Hagen, it was decided to devote all the energies of the class to the program of the whole school and to omit the class party. The following officers will represent them this year.

President	Howard Erwin
Vice President	Ruth Hansen
Treasurer	Louise Anderson
Secretary	Elizabeth Fish
Representative to the Student Council	Glendora Briley
Representative to the Assembly Board	Mabel Shupe

The Junior class can boast of being the leading class in scholarship, because they have the largest number of names on the first honor roll. The following fourteen have placed their class in the lead: Louise Anderson, Glendora Briley, Mary Brindley, Ruth Cattell, Bessie Duitch, Garnet Edgerton, Ruth Hansen, Louise Kallenberg, Bernice Kunerth, Margaret MacLeod, Irene McCarthy, George Maxwell, Catherine Morgan, Raymond Shipman.

## SENIORS

With the aid of the class officers and sponsors, the Seniors hope to accomplish great things for the school. At a recent class meeting they voted to adopt the slogan "BE SOMEBODY" as an objective toward which each individual is to work during the year. This is the first time that a class has followed this policy. The following are the Senior class officers:

President	Marcella Howell
Vice President	Helen Peck
Secretary and Treasurer	Ruth Wagner
Representative to the Student Council	Robert Hansen
Representative to the Assembly Board	Laura Arnold

The Seniors took second place in scholarship, having seven of their number on the honor roll. Mary Beyer, Velma Counce, Arnold Gladwin, Jake Gottfried, Jean Guthrie, Marcella Howell, and Edward Kilgore are the Seniors whose names were listed on the first honor roll.

## AMONG OUR ALUMNI

A large percentage of last year's graduates of Ames High are attending Iowa State College this year. Among those attending the local college are:

Melba Acheson	William Martin
Helen Alm	Madelyn Murray
Charles Barr	Charles Nelson
Kenneth Burnett	Lucille Penfield
Byron Cory	Frances Reis
Dorothy Duckworth	Merle Robins
Alberta Davis	Arthur Ruggles
Dorothy Dunlap	Helen Ruggles
Rodney Fox	Sarah Sawyer
Jack Graves	Robert Schmidt
Louis Judisch	Donald Stevens
Winifred Keil	Fred Welsh
Lloyd Knight	Elizabeth Wilson

## NEWS FROM LAST YEAR'S TEACHERS

Miss Waters reports that while at the State Teachers' Convention, she saw Miss Mildred Davis, our former French teacher. Miss Davis is now teaching French at the Junior College of Creston, Iowa. According to one of her present pupils, Miss Davis is very well liked there, and, as might be expected, has lost none of her former popularity.

On November 8, a baby boy, Lane De Witt, was born to Mrs. Bauer, former Ames High English teacher. Mrs. Bauer resides in Ames. Miss Bower, former music instructor of

Ames schools, is confined by illness to her home in Jefferson.

Mr. Bodwell, former Superintendent of Ames schools, is "taking it easy" in Oakland, California. Mrs. Bodwell writes that, with the exception of the occasional earthquakes which occur there, she likes her new home very well.

Miss Burnside lives in Boggstown, Indiana. At present, she is traveling through the east and south.

Mr. Peringer is now selling insurance at Algona, Iowa. If Mr. Peringer is as efficient in salesmanship as he was in teaching, every person in Algona is probably equipped with a life insurance policy by this time.

## THE ALL HIGH SCHOOL MIXER

Perhaps the first event of real importance in the social life of the school this year was the all high school mixer, September 24, which was sponsored by the Hi-Y and the Girl Reserves. The idea was to get acquainted and to have a good time. Prizes were offered to those who met the most persons in a definite time.

The first part of the meeting was held in the gym. Several members of the football squad made pep speeches. Later the main stunt was presented in the auditorium.

Various teachers were objects of impersonation. The cast included:

Margaret McLeod as Miss Gove.
Grace Browning as Miss Lynch.
Glendora Briley as Mrs. Garo.
Marcella Howell as Miss Petersen.
A. Lee Gladwin as Mr. Eiker.
Russell Kintzley as Mr. P. L. Davis.

Roscoe Dunahoe and Blaine Her put on a clever stunt in the musical line. We all wonder where Blaine learned the steps he used. The prizes were also distributed at this time. Then the grand finale was held in the gym where refreshments were served.

## "HOMECOMING" EVENTS

The opening number of "Homecoming" was the Pep Assembly. Marcella Howell, our yell leader, acted as chairman. After a roof-raising locomotive, each of the football boys was presented with a four-leaf clover by Laura Arnold so that Lady Luck would be with them during the game. Coach Campbell and "Curly" McNabb, the main speaker, also received a clover. Mr. McNabb gave a talk on pep and "backing" from the sidelines. Mr. Campbell and Audrey Erickson also gave short talks. Howard Chase, former Ames High student, played several piano solos which were received with great applause. This meeting was then adjourned until the big Pep Meeting in the evening.

The evening meeting was the peppiest we have had for a long time. The snake, about three blocks long, twisted and curved to the football field, where there was a huge bonfire. Talks were given by some of the alumni and by several members of the football team. A number of real yells followed and all returned to the High School building for eats.



## PEP

(Continued from page 4)

football team made. You know how proud you are of them. You will always remember their record as one of the brightest spots in your high school career. And you know how you all went out to the field and pulled for the boys to win. Their actions were your actions.

It is to be remembered that you have a green basketball team this year. All but one of the letter men have graduated. This has undoubtedly caused you some little thought. But let me warn you, though you have a green team, only one letter man and a series of hard games, pep will turn the trick. A losing team can be transferred into a winning team by a display of this enthusiasm. Keep the pep you have shown so far this year and watch your team go. They care when you care!

—Edward Kilgore, '27.

## "HOMECOMING" BANQUET

Our first "Homecoming" Banquet, attended by a large number of Ames High students and alumni, was a real success. The Newton and Ames football teams were guests. Mr. P. L. Davis acted as toastmaster. The speeches by Captain Commack of the Newton team, Coach Osgood of Newton, Coach Campbell, and Zac Dunlap were splendid, not to mention the banquet itself. Eleanor Dannett played several piano solos and all joined in singing the High School songs.

## GRANDMOTHERS' TEA

An afternoon tea was given on October 22, by the Girl Reserves in honor of their grandmothers. The Home Economics room, where the tea was served, was beautifully decorated in keeping with the season. Several vocal, clarinet, and piano solos were given by members of the Girl Reserves.

## "SPIRIT" STAFF PICNIC

The losing team of the "Spirit" Staff, with Edward Kilgore, Captain, treated the winners to a picnic held at East Woods, Wednesday, October 13. Everyone had a good time since there was plenty of food and cider. Music, in the form of High School and popular songs, was furnished by the entire group.

Is bobbed hair here to stay? It seems that it is not, for in these changeable days the length of hair is almost as changeable as that of skirts. The old-fashioned, long-haired girl has now returned to Ames Hi. Marcella Howell, Gladys Miller, Florence Van Nice, Helen Pack, Grace V. Browning, and Jewell Craven say that they are going to let their hair grow long again. Marcella Howell seems to be well on her way. However, before this even gets to press Dame Fashion may have decreed otherwise, and the long-haired girl will again be a silent ghost of the past. Such are the fickle ways of Dame Fashion.

Robert W. Schmidt, former Ames High student and editor-in-chief of "The Spirit," was recently awarded first prize in a nation-wide essay contest conducted by "National Farm News." His paper on "Co-operation" was published in their issue of October 23.

Lewis Long, former president of the Hi-Y, is now attending East High School of Des Moines. Since his father was elected to the office of Auditor of State at this fall's election, the entire family has moved to Des Moines, where they will make their home.

Jewell Craven has moved to Nebraska for the improvement of her health. She is attending school at Harrison, where she resides with her aunt.

## IOWA HIGH SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION MEETS AT GRINNELL

The fifth annual convention of the Iowa High School Press Association was held at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa, December 3 and 4, 1926. This year it was our privilege to send twelve delegates to the convention. They were: Mary Beyer, Donald Fish, Fred Hagen, Samuel Harter, Weston Jones, Edward Kilgore, Russell Kintzley, Derral Kooser, Margaret McLeod, Frances Middleton, Ruth Raymond, and Mrs. Kilgore. The group went by way of automobile.

The convention started with registration at the Association Building (Y. M. C. A.). The splendid lunches served at the Men's Halls and the Women's Quadrangle satisfied the hardy appetites that the delegates "worked up" on the long trip. The delegation met after lunch in the Alumni Association Hall where the opening addresses of the convention were given. After short talks by the president of the association, and the presidents of Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi, the main addresses were given. Stella McCord, G. M. Hinshaw, and W. Earl Hall, all well-known writers and editors, were the speakers.

The meeting adjourned in time to allow us to attend the convention dance at the Women's Gymnasium. After the dance, a banquet was held at the Women's Quadrangle. Delegates drew numbers for their tables. This served as a mixer and many new acquaintances were formed. A few after-dinner speeches were given. Then the convention adjourned to Herrick Chapel to hear Nelson Antrim Crawford of Chicago, who spoke on "The Newspaper and the Crowd."

The next morning, the convention took on the form of discussion groups led by well-known men. Some of the subjects discussed were: Sports Writing, News Writing and Gathering, Editors' Problems, Business Managers' Problems, Humorous Writing, Faculty Advisers' Problems, and Problems Connected with Putting Out an Annual. After the meeting, we ate at the Halls and Quadrangle.

(Continued on page 14)



# ORGANIZATIONS

## STUDENT COUNCIL

At the first meeting of the Student Council this year, the following officers were elected:

President . . . . . Robert Hansen  
Vice President . . . . . Howard McGriff  
Secretary . . . . . Marcella Howell

These officers and the faculty advisers, Mr. Vanderlinden and Miss Petersen, form the executive committee which appoints the standing committees. The following are committee chairmen for this year:

Athletic . . . . . Conrad Stephenson  
Building and Grounds . . . . . Donald Fish  
Flower . . . . . Maxwell Smith  
General Activity . . . . . Roger Martin  
Scholarship . . . . . Helen Peck

One of the duties of the Student Council has always been to maintain order in our High School. This year the halls have been patrolled in turn by different members of the Student Council.

When the question of setting a minimum for deposits in the School Bank was brought before this organization, they made five cents the minimum which may be banked. They acted also on the time for bank period, changing it from the sixth to the seventh period on Tuesday.

The choice of yell leaders was left to the Student Council, and it was very satisfactorily settled by them. They have made possible greater attendance at out-of-town games by arranging to send trucks to the towns. Our Homecoming this year, which had some very successful new features, was managed by the Council.

Such able handling of the often difficult problems presented to the Student Council establishes it as a very worthwhile and important part of our High School. Let's back our Student Council in every way we can.

## GIRL RESERVES

This year the Girl Reserves have shown themselves a wide-awake, peppy group. With the help of Mrs. Anderson, Miss Seaman, and Miss Coder, faculty advisers, they have already done a great deal that is worthwhile. As a result of their alertness and persistence in the membership campaign, they have nearly two hundred members.

The girls had a tea for their grandmothers (some of the girls borrowed grandmothers) in the Home Economics rooms of the High School. The rooms were decorated with autumn leaves. The grandmothers were entertained by a splendid program of readings and

songs. And then, of course, there was tea.

The theme of the Girl Reserve program for this year is "Explorers." Already the Girl Reserves have been "Exploring Europe" with Doctor Hawley, "Exploring for Charm of Personality" with Miss McKinley, "Exploring the Beautiful in Music" with Mrs. Fisher, and "Exploring the Beautiful in Art" with Mrs. Graff. These people have been splendid guides to the Girl Reserve explorers because each of them has so thorough a knowledge of the field to be explored.

Some of the things to which the girls are looking forward are: Explorations in Charm of Health, Patriotism, Friendships, Music and Poetry, Thrift, Scholarship, Charm of Speech, and Art.

The following are the members of the cabinet:

President . . . . . Frances Martin  
Vice President . . . . . Elizabeth Fish  
Secretary . . . . . Mary Madsen  
Treasurer . . . . . Ruth Hansen  
Program . . . . . Mary Beyer  
Membership . . . . . Elizabeth Fish  
Social . . . . . Glendora Briley  
Social Service . . . . . Mabel Shupe  
Bible Study . . . . . Marjorie Sill  
Athletic . . . . . Irene McCarthy  
Ring . . . . . Ethel Davidson  
Music . . . . . Gladys Miller  
Publicity . . . . . Carrie Madsen

## BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Both the band and orchestra have been doing some very good work of which Ames High School is proud. Miss Kinnier is the director of these organizations. The band has done its share toward football victories by being at the home games and by providing music for pep assemblies. Its officers this year are:

President . . . . . Curtiss Woodruff  
Vice President . . . . . Clarence Beck  
Librarian . . . . . Dave Moody

It was decided that since some credit is given for the work in the musical organizations, they should meet oftener than once a week. They meet now twice in the same day, the third and ninth periods.

The following are the officers of the orchestra:

President . . . . . Norman Levine  
Vice President . . . . . William Dale  
Student Council Representative  
Frederick Battel  
Librarian . . . . . Blaine Her



## DRAMATIC CLUB

With Miss Lynch and Miss Kinnier as advisers, the Dramatic Club has enjoyed programs this year that have been well planned and have been most entertaining. Meetings are being held the third period on Monday, instead of Friday as in previous years.

The officers for this year were elected last spring as follows:

President . . . . . Derral Kooser  
Vice President . . . . . Florence Leaty  
Secretary . . . . . Frances Middleton  
Treasurer . . . . . Vava Canady  
Program Chairman . . . . . Glendora Briley

The club boasts a larger membership this year than ever before. About one hundred members meet in the auditorium for the highly enjoyable entertainments developed by the program committee.

## HI-Y

The programs in Hi-Y have been varied and interesting. There have been inspirational meetings and entertaining ones. They have had some very fine music and good talks, one of which was given by Clifton Oberg on, "What is your head above your eyes worth?"

Many of the meetings have been planned with the idea of vocational guidance. Men of different vocations have been asked to talk concerning their work in order to help the boys choose the work they want to do. A factory representative from the company making Firestone tires, spoke to the boys about balloon tires. At another meeting Mr. Knapp, president of the Union National Bank in Ames, gave a talk on banking.

To the cabinet and to Mr. Vanderlinden and Mr. Stearns, faculty advisers, belongs the credit for the splendid meetings which the boys have had this year in Hi-Y. The following are the cabinet members:

President . . . . . Donald Fish  
Secretary . . . . . Fred Hagen  
Treasurer . . . . . Howard McGriff  
Student Council Representative  
Roger Martin  
Program . . . . . Thurston Adams  
Membership . . . . . Robert Hansen  
Reporter . . . . . Verdene Anthony  
Social Chairman . . . . . Weston Jones

## GLEE CLUBS AND MIXED CHORUS

Mr. Tolbert MacRae, Miss Rosalind Cook, and Mrs. Minert have been temporarily working with these musical organizations during Miss Bower's absence.

The officers of the clubs are as follows:

## Glee Club

President . . . . . Mae Edwinton  
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . Garnet Edgerton  
Librarian . . . . . Roseville Miller

## Mixed Chorus

President . . . . . Ruth Scott  
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . Elizabeth Fish  
Librarian . . . . . Maxwell Smith

The mixed chorus entertained us at the Thanksgiving assembly.

## DEBATE

There has been a larger program planned for debate this year than at any previous time. The first debate of the year is a dual one with Newton, December 16. Another dual debate, with Boone, is scheduled for January 11. A triangular debate, January 13, with Eagle Grove and Iowa Falls, will be the first of the State League debates. The debaters also plan to enter the Drake State Debating Tournament. The debaters are as follows:

Laura Arnold  
Stanley Collins  
Paul Crockett  
Howard Irwin  
Arnold Gladwin  
Sam Harter  
Weston Jones  
Russell Kintley  
Gilmore McDonald  
Maxwell Smith

The question for debate is: Resolved: That Congress should enact legislation embodying the principles of the Haugen Farm Relief Bill, constitutionality waived.

## DECLAMATORY

The declamatory work has been coached by Miss Lynch and some very fine work has been done with her help. The preliminary contests were held December 8 and 9, and the winners chosen on these days entered the final contest on Friday, December 10. All the declamatory entrants this year were girls.

The first place in the oratorical class was taken by Dorothy Kuhn, who gave the "Vision of War." "The Story of Patsy," Grace Virginia Browning's reading, was awarded first among the dramatic. Jeannette Miller was given first in the humorous class, with "Trial Mershum."

Ames will enter several triangular contests this year, besides the state contest. One of these, with Boone and Newton, will be held at Ames.

## JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

Miss Lynch's selection for this year's Junior Class Play is "The Big Idea."

## IOWA HIGH SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION MEETS AT GRINNELL

(Continued from page 12)

The final addresses were given that afternoon by Don Berry and Fred Lazelle, Sr. This was followed by the election of new officers and presentation of cups to the high schools for excellency in different lines of writing in their paper. Ames did not enter the contest. The delegates were then invited to the Quadrangle for a mixer.

The final dinner was served in the Halls and Quadrangle. This splendid convention was brought to a close by a dance at the Men's Halls.

—Edward Kilgore, '27.



## AMES 0—NORTH HIGH 9

September 18, 1926

North High had the edge on our boys in the matter of condition, and this, coupled with all the breaks of the game, gave the victory to them. Ames fumbled several times, misjudged tackles, and was offside in a number of plays. As a result, our opponents scored.

## AMES 13—COLFAX 0

September 25, 1926

The team showed great improvement in tackling during this game. Their aerial attack was not very good and their line plunges met a stone wall. They excelled in off tackle runs, however, and were exceptionally strong in defense. They outplayed Colfax consistently as shown by the fact that they made four times as much in scrimmage as Colfax did. Ames earned sixteen first downs to Colfax's five.

## AMES 2—NEVADA 0

October 2, 1926

It seems that the referee hadn't taken his daily constitutional before coming to the game and felt the loss. Thus on numerous occasions he picked up the ball and paced off 5, 10 or 15 yards before setting it down again for the boys to play. Altogether there were thirteen penalties. Ames received 7 and Nevada 6, which made a total distance of 105 yards.

Although Ames lost 55 yards in penalties and ten yards in scrimmage, Nevada never had the ball within scoring distance of our goal. In the third quarter on a long pass, they reached our thirty-yard line, but our boys pulled General Jackson's trick and Nevada met a stone wall for three successive plays. They fumbled and Ames recovered to kick out of danger.

Our score came near the end of the half when Nevada fumbled and recovered behind their own goal line, thus netting us a two-point margin, which was maintained throughout the rest of the game.

## AMES 14—MARSHALLTOWN 0

October 9, 1926

For the first time in five years, Coach Campbell's machine left Marshalltown out in the cold with the short end of a 14-0 score. Many fumbles featured the game. Marshalltown had a good defensive team.

Ames kicked off to Marshalltown's 15-yard line. Marshalltown returned it 3 yards to the 19-yard line. In the first play, they attempted a pass which "Tiny" Truesdell detoured into his brawny arms and galloped

across the goal line 15 yards away to the tune of 7-0.

Our second score came near the end of the first half when Marshalltown punted to McGriff on our 8-yard line. "Mac" pounded down the field behind Erickson and Kooser and dashed across the goal line. From the place he started on his sprint to the place where he deposited the ball on old Mother Earth, was approximately 95 yards. Erickson kicked both goals and from then on it was an easy game for our boys. While the Ames team was in a position to score three times in the fourth quarter, Marshalltown was never inside our 30-yard line during the entire game.

## AMES 41—STORY CITY 0

October 16, 1926

In this scoring bee, Daubert, Erickson, McGriff and Arnold each crossed the last chalk mark for a score. Kooser chipped in with two more touchdowns as his contribution, and Truesdell again distinguished himself by making a beautiful place kick from the forty-yard line.

Ames carried the ball and passed it for a total distance of 281 yards. One hundred ninety yards more were added when they intercepted four of Story City's passes. Story City carried the pigskin for 129 yards, but they were never inside our twenty-five-yard line.

## AMES 2—JEFFERSON 12

October 23, 1926

In spite of the lopsided score, Ames outplayed Jefferson during the whole game. Jefferson never had the ball inside our 40-yard line except once when they blocked a kick on our ½-yard line. Both of their scores were the direct results of blocked punts.

The field was covered with water; consequently the ball was slippery and hard to handle. Hamilton of Jefferson displayed a wonderful brand of kicking; his punts averaged nearly 50 yards.

The ball was in Jefferson's territory all the time and Ames was constantly threatening to score. Just at the crucial moment, a fumble or a penalty would rob us of a possible touchdown. Our team piled up three times as much yardage in scrimmage as Jefferson.

## AMES 0—NEWTON 0

October 30, 1926 (Homecoming)

The sun was shining enough to prevent frost-bitten toes and yet there was a snappy chill in the air. It was a real football day and we played a good clean game.





FIRST SQUAD

Top row: Walatka, Truesdale, Hemstreet, Carr, Adams, Kelley, Jones, Kooser, Oberg.  
 Second row: Ruggles, Richardson, Kirchoff, Daubert, Brockman, Cole, Hagen, Axelton, McLaughlin.  
 Third row: Erickson, Martin, Fish, McGriff, Coach Campbell, Pettit, Anthony, Hansen, Arnold.

The two lines were about equal in weight, but Newton's backfield had an advantage of nearly fifteen pounds per man. The teams were very evenly matched, Newton showing up well in line smashing, while our boys skirted the ends for consistent gains. Neither team seemed to be able to complete a pass although, altogether, both tried seven times. Commack of Newton outdistanced Erickson over ten yards on every punt. It was a close game which provided many thrills for the large Homecoming crowd.

#### AMES 21—BOONE 0

November 4, 1926

Almost before the echoes of the opening whistle had died away in the distance, Ames had a score of 7-0. On the third play after the second quarter opened, "Mac" slipped across the line for another counter and before Boone could regain her poise, a third touchdown was made.

Our boys displayed the best ability in advancing the ball while Boone outdistanced Erickson in kicking. About the middle of the second quarter, after a 25-yard penalty, Audrey kicked a nice 80-yard punt from our 8-yard line.

The relative strength of the two teams may be judged from the fact that Ames gained 256 yards in scrimmage to Boone's 46 yards.

#### AMES 0—COLO 25

November 11, 1926, at Ames

An Armistice Day crowd of 1,500 people saw Ames fail to break Colo's three-year winning streak.

Colo's plunging back field made consistent gains. Our boys showed marked tendency toward tackling their opponents around the neck and consequently were swept back by the opponent's momentum.

Coach Campbell made numerous substitutions in order to bolster up our defense, but this failed of its desired result, and Colo romped home to victory while the Ames fans vainly implored our team to:

"Hold that Line!!"

#### AMES 3—VALLEY JUNCTION 15

November 20, 1926, at Ames

This game was unique in that each team earned but two first downs during the whole game.

There were few sensational plays. For the most part it was just plain, straight football with a few fumbles now and then that kept the half frozen spectators interested. Our score came about the middle of the first quarter when Erickson kicked a field goal from the 30-yard line.

Early in the fourth quarter we had the ball on Valley's 4-yard line, but on the next play the ball was fumbled, and Valley recovered to kick out of danger.

In the second quarter one of the Valley backs

ran a punt back 70 yards for a touchdown in a spectacular dash along the side lines.

The game was close despite the scoreboard, and in stopping Valley's smashing attack, our boys really won although the score was against them.

#### THE SEASON OF 1926

Taking everything into account, we may say that Ames High has had the most successful football season this year that it has had since the championship days of '21.

Considering the scoring end of it, we outscored our opponents 25 points. The totals are: Ames 96—Opponents 61. Our team scored in every possible way sanctioned by the rules committee. Touchdowns, points after touchdown, place kicks, drop kicks, and safeties were found in our scoring column.

Although there were seven letter men available at the beginning of the season, there were never more than three veterans in any game, due to parental objection and injuries. Therefore, Mr. Campbell was working with practically a new team.

When arranging the schedule for this season, Mr. Campbell did not pick and choose; consequently we played four of the strongest teams in the state. They were Colo, Valley Junction, Newton, and North High. Each of these teams lost only one game during the entire season.

Seven of the teams we played outweighed us and only three were "our size"; but our men made up in speed what they lacked in weight. Coach Campbell declared that he has never handled a better team in speed, weight, and intelligence in his nine years of coaching experience.

The battle with these four strong teams reduced our percentage to .555; but even at that, our team did better than we expected, considering the strength of the opposing teams. They deserve all the praise they received.

Sixteen men won their major letters in football this year. Richardson, end, and Erickson, halfback, won their third letter in football. Four others, Hansen, Oberg, Fish, and MacGriff received their second letter in this sport.

Martin, Truesdale, Cole, Hemstreet, Walatka, Anthony, Daubert, Ruggles, Arnold, and Kooser each won their initial monogram. Pettit and Hagen failed to complete the required number of quarters, but were awarded minor letters. Maxwell Brockman and Thurston Adams were also given minor awards for their persistence in coming out for football practice for three years, although they made no regular berth on the team.

A good football team cannot be possible without good trainers, and the good work of Axelton, Boyd, Brown, and Pickett in keeping the boys fit, had a great deal to do with the success of the season.

Doctor: "Deep breathing kills bacteria."

Charlotte Skortman: "But how can I make them breathe deeply?"





SECOND SQUAD

Top row: Flickinger, Coe, Malcolm, Mullica, Olson, Woodruff, Alexander, Anderson, Jones.  
 Second row: McCurdy, Roland West, Brown, Robert West, Banks, Crockett, Mosness, V. Erickson, O. Erickson.  
 Third row: O'Neil, Engeldinger, Nelson, Smith, Harlan, Rath, J. Baldwin, C. Fish, F. Baldwin.

**AMES 0—MARSHALLTOWN 32**

October 9, 1926

At Marshalltown the second team did not score on their opponents. The team was game, however, and put up a good fight against men who were much heavier than they.

**AMES 6—NEVADA 0**

October 16, 1926

On their own field, the second team defeated Nevada in a clean fought game. The team seemed to be more at ease on the field this time, and had more confidence, which probably had a lot to do with their playing.

**AMES 0—BOONE 14**

October 23, 1926

Again the second team lost, this time at Boone. They played against a hard fighting team and the Ames fans on the sidelines were pleased that the boys kept the score as low as they did.

**AMES 0—NEVADA 0**

October 21, 1926, at Ames

In the second game with Nevada, the second team held the Nevada line, but were unable to score. Both teams played hard, and each tried to keep the ball near the goal toward which they were playing.

**AMES 12—COLO 0**

November 11, 1926

Since the first team had lost their game, the second team decided that it was up to them to win their game. They fought hard and fast, and the Colo team was unable to score on them. Our team made two touchdowns, but failed to make the goal kicks.

**AMES 0—BOONE 12**

November 13, 1926

Again the Boone squad defeated our second team, but with a smaller score than before. Their men were out to win, but our boys did

their best to "hold that line" as the fans on the sidelines were urging them to do.

**BASKETBALL**

Instead of the usual hodge-podge of trying to get games with teams over the state for this season's basketball games, Ames, Boone, Grinnell, Marshalltown, Newton, and Oskaloosa organized the "Little Six League" and will play almost exclusively within the conference. Each team plays ten league games, one home and one return game with each of the other five teams. In addition to these games, Ames has scheduled four outside games, two each, with Story City and Nevada.

As in football, Coach Campbell is faced with the necessity of building an entirely new team. The regulars of last year all graduated, leaving one letter man, Erickson, who substituted at forward. The best of those who have risen from the ranks of Mr. Harlan's "Scrappy Seconds" are now on the Varsity squad and Mr. Campbell has high hopes of producing a light but fast quintet that will come out on top. If this year's team wins out, the policy of having a second squad will be vindicated as nearly all of the present first string learned the rudiments of the game while on the second squad.

**WRESTLING**

The season is in full swing with nine veterans reporting every night for work. These include Richardson, Hiner, Oberg, Foster, Fish, Murphy, McCurdy, McElyea, and Dick Cole, who was state champion last year in his weight.

The outlook is especially bright when we take into consideration that new men are giving the old-timers a hard fight for positions in the line-up. C. Fish, Ruggles, Mullica, Doggett, Patten, and Baldwin are showing up very well in their bouts.

Although we have a very heavy schedule this season, the team is well balanced and Coach Eiker is confident that Ames High will make a better showing in wrestling than ever before.

**CLASSROOM AND CELL**

(With apologies to Kipling)

Who hath desired the School? The sight of slaved students uncounted;  
 The eternal, long grind at the books, and the slavery to which it amounted;  
 The rumpus preceding the storm, when the teacher doth rise to declare it;  
 Her wrath coming forth as she raiseth her voice for to bare it;  
 The School in all dullness the same—the School with no difference in dullness—  
 The School that to madness impels?  
 So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—convicts desire their cells!

Who hath desired the School? The terrific and o'erwhelming lesson;  
 The shake of the pen-holding hand as the pupil is frantically guessing?  
 The orderly calm of the class and the roarings and shoutings thereafter;  
 Unheralded, hopeless, dry tests, and the suffering in class-time and after;  
 The School in no terror the same—the School and the same in each terror—  
 The School that to madness impels?  
 So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—convicts desire their cells!

Raymond Shipman, '28.



## EXCHANGE

### MORE RADIO

From the West High School Tatler's Exchange, we learn that West Waterloo High School has installed a radio broadcasting station in the school building. This set is to be operated by the students in connection with their physics classes. These will be remote studies in the auditorium, gymnasium, and football field.

This certainly will make their physics classes interesting, but let's hope every high school does not follow their example. You know, Hoover said: "The saturation point of the air is five hundred stations." Think of the number we have already.

### THE SPIZERINKTUM, RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY

From the Spizerinktum of Russellville, we learn that last year the Hi-Y was organized in their High School. This year they have doubled their membership and have planned an active year of work.

"Taint what we have,  
But what we give;  
"Taint what we are,  
But how we live;  
"Taint what we do,  
But how we do it,  
That makes this life  
Worth going thru it.  
—Exchange.

### HOT SHOTS

Don't worry when you stumble. Remember a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

Quit making excuses and start making good. Let the talk of scandal buzzers come in one ear and out the other, and not in one ear and out of the mouth.

It is always an empty head that swells. It isn't what you start to do that counts—it's what you finish.

### TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The value of time.  
The success of perseverance.  
The pleasure of working.  
The dignity of simplicity.  
The worth of character.  
The power of kindness.  
The influence of example.  
The obligation of duty.  
The wisdom of economy.  
The virtue of patience.  
The improvement of talent.  
The joy of originating.

—Exchange.

A dusky son of Alabama was busily engaged in a cootie hunt. When asked by a sergeant what he was doing, he replied:

"Ise huntin' fo' dem 'rithmetic bugs."

"Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

"'Cause dey add to ma misery, dey subtracts from ma pleasure, dey divides ma attention, and they multiply like everything."—Tips and Taps.

### HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH

Have you ever been called upon to make a speech? You may some day—and you'll find the formula from Life helpful:

Three long breaths.

Compliment the audience.

Outline what you are not going to talk about

Points that you will touch on later.

Two familiar quotations.

Reference to what you said first.

Funny story.

Compliment the audience.

Ditto to city, state and country.

Applause.

—Exchange.

### TOMORROW

I don't know much about tomorrow;  
I've never seen her yet.  
She may be very fair, Tomorrow,  
But still I don't regret  
That we have never met.  
Today's my best friend; she's true blue.  
And in my heart I haven't room for two.  
Have you?

—De Molay Bulletin.

### THE THINGS THAT COUNT

It isn't so much the things we say  
As the way in which we say them,  
That brightens a brother's world of gray,  
And gives him strength for the coming day—  
So we should kindly weigh them.

It isn't so much the things we do  
As the way in which we do them,  
That helps to lighten his heavy load,  
And sends him singing along Life's road—  
So lovingly pursue them.

It's knowing somebody understands,  
When he has striven his best,  
That makes him mount, with a greater will,  
The longest road up the steepest hill,  
Determined to reach the crest.

—Irene Judy in Kansas City Star.

Mr. Lare: "A diamond is the hardest known substance, inasmuch as it will cut glass."

Mr. Eiker: "Glass! My dear sir, a diamond will even make an impression on a woman's heart."



### WE WONDER:

Why all the Sophomores looked so guilty the first part of this year.  
Why history was invented.  
Whether Shakespeare ever stopped to consider the future generations.  
If all the Juniors are as big as they think they are.  
If the faculty will long remember what we have taught them.  
When we shall ever be able to keep up with Miss Seaman's assignments.  
When we have seen a Senior who wasn't conceited.

### Some Things We Should Like to See:

A man to awaken the sleepers of a railway track.  
A hat for the head of a nail.  
A key to fit an elephant's trunk.  
A train of cars to run on the branch of a tree.  
A splinter from a sunbeam.  
The club with which an idea struck the poet.  
A ruler to measure narrow escapes.  
The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.  
An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants.  
A knot from the board the faculty pays for.

Dorothy Kuhn: "This is probably the oldest piece of furniture in the country."

Dorothy Kingsbury: "How old is it?"

D. Kuhn: "Nearly four hundred years."

D. Kingsbury: "That is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old!"

D. Kuhn: "Indeed?"

D. Kingsbury: "Yes, the multiplication table."

### WANT ADS:

Boy wanted who can open oysters with references.

Bulldog for sale; will eat anything, very fond of children.

Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same.

Lost, near West Gate, an umbrella belonging to a gentlemen with a bent rib and a bone handle.

To be disposed of, a Dodge coupe, the property of a gentlemen with a movable headpiece as good as new.

Write in care of Gumshoe Gazette.

Lost, fifty pounds butter. Goes by name of Billy Whiskers. Finder please return to Blaine Her.

Once a Sophomore was cast on an African shore

Where a cannibal monarch held sway,  
And they served up that Sophomore on one slice of toast,  
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of Heaven followed swift on the act  
And before the next morning was seen,  
Fierce indigestion attacked that tribe,  
For that "Soph" was terribly green.

Herbert Carr had occasion to call at the house of a neighbor late at night. He rang the door bell. After a long wait a head was poked out of the second floor window.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Mr. Carr," was the reply.

"Well," said the voice as the window banged shut, "what do I care if you missed a car? Why don't you walk, and not wake up people to tell them about it?"

Don Hemstreet upon leaving a large hotel recently observed that the colored man in charge of the checking room gave him his hat without hesitation.

"How did you know that was my hat when you have a hundred there?" Don asked.

"I didn't know it, sah," said the negro.

"Didn't know it was mine? Then why did you give it to me?"

"Because you gave it to me, sah."

Raymond Shipman rushed up to Ruth Raymond at the Spirit office.

"I've had a terrible misfortune," he announced. "A little 3-year-old boy got at my new play, and tore it all to pieces."

"Extraordinary that a child so young should be able to read," said Ruth.

Hilda Templeman (to waiter in restaurant): "What have you got?"

"I've got pig's feet—"

"Never mind telling me your troubles, I want to know what you've got to eat."

Roger Martin was in the middle of his speech in debate class.

"As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary—"

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered his colleague.

"Noah, nothing. Noah built the ark."



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Phone 47

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and are as near to you as your  
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MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

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Which combine the elegance  
of artistry of the modern  
craftsman with service of a  
character that will make sit-  
ting for your portrait a  
pleasure.

GRIFFITH

Over Fair Store  
Phone 1225

Sam (breathlessly): "Doctor, can you help  
me? My name is Harter——"

Doctor: "No, I'm sorry. I simply can't do  
anything for that."

Judge: "Can't this case be settled out of  
court?"

Don Fish: "Sure, that's what we were try-  
ing to do, your Honor, when the police inter-  
fered."

Cass Smith: "Two mistakes here, waiter—  
one in your favor, one in mine."

Waiter: "In your favor, sir? Where?"

"Only fools are certain, Verdene; wise men  
hesitate."

"Are you sure, Mr. Vanderlinden?"

"Yes, my boy, certain of it."

Jibby Jones: "I seem to have a cold in my  
head."

Mr. Lare: "Nonsense! Didn't it ever occur  
to you that a vacuum is an absence of heat?"

Miss Lynch to Garnet Edgerton: "What's  
the matter with you? Can't you speak any  
louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your  
mouth and throw yourself into it."

Ruth M.: "What holds the moon in place  
day after day and year after year?"

Maurine C.: "The moonbeams."

Boyd Young (as car stalls): "Well, of all  
the X Y Z!"

Ruth Wagner: "How dare you swear be-  
fore me?"

Boyd: "Oh, pardon me, I didn't know you  
wanted to swear first."

Vava: "A millionaire once owned this pearl  
necklace."

Helen: "What was his name?"

Vava: "Woolworth."

Max: "What a sad looking store."

Mac: "Why, because it has panes in the  
windows?"

Max: "No, the books are in tiers."

If you have and spend a penny,

Then, of course, you haven't any.

If you have and SAVE a penny,

Then, some day, there will be many.

Mr. Mixa: "What has become of the loco-  
motive and train of cars I gave your brother  
for Christmas?"

Richard M.: "All smashed up. He has been  
playing government ownership."

William Dale: "How did you list the money  
that fortune-teller got from you?"

Charles Kinderman: "I entered it under the  
head of 'Prophet and Lost'."

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The Finest of Chocolates

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**Dunlap Motor Co.**

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— Dentist —

Opposite Sheldon-Munn

Phone 322

Don Hemstreet: "I could have bought that  
property for a song three years ago."  
Roseville Miller: "And you couldn't sing?"  
Don Hemstreet: "Oh, I could sing, but I  
couldn't get the right notes."

Supt. Davis: "I don't think Bessie Duitch  
is afraid of work."

Prin. Davis: "Not at all. She will sit right  
down beside it and go to sleep."

Bugs: "Going to hang up your sock this  
Xmas?"

Audrey: "No. I hung it up last year and all  
I got was a notice from the board of health."

Harold Sherman: "Did your watch stop  
when it dropped on the floor?"

Richard Mixa: "Sure, did you think it would  
go through?"

Dedicated to Russell Kintzley:  
Here lie the remains of a radio fan—  
Now mourned by his many relations,  
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe;  
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

Virginia S.: "We have a new kitten over  
at our house."

Fred Hagen: "What are you going to call  
it?"

V. S.: "Perry."

Fred: "Oh, I see, it's a polecat."

Loren Counce: "Did you see the beautiful  
sunrise this morning?"  
Oran McElyea: "No, I'm always in bed be-  
fore sunrise."

Jake Gottfried: "Is there something you  
want, madam?"

Customer: "Dear me, yes, I did want to  
get a collar button for my husband, but I have  
forgotten what size he wears."

Florence V. N.: "Are you in favor of clubs  
for women, Mr. Lare?"

Mr. Lare: "Certainly! Clubs, sandbags, or  
any weapon that comes handy."

Narrow minds seem to be able to squeeze in  
anywhere.

Bob: "When I left the stage last night the  
audience went wild with applause."

Don: "Well, most likely they knew you  
weren't coming on again."

Chewing gum is like worrying—a useless  
waste of energy.

It was a dark night and Howard Irwin and  
his motorcycle were lost. Presently he saw a  
sign on a telephone pole. With great diffi-  
culty he climbed it, struck a match and read  
"Wet Paint."

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**"Quality Footwear"**

Is Our Motto

**AMES BOOTERY**



Mr. Lare: "Name a parasite."  
 Sam Harter: "Me?"  
 Mr. Lare: "Yes, but name another one."

Customer: "I want something in oil for the dining room."

Carl Haigler: "What will be it? A landscape or a can of sardines?"

Helen Peck: "Can you recommend this brand of perfume?"

Druggist: "Certainly, miss. It is one of our best smellers."

Jack and Jill  
 Sped up a hill,  
 A curve up there was sharp,  
 The car upset;  
 Jack's rolling yet;  
 Jill's playing on a harp.

Dealer: "Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you uses improper language?"

Miss Lynch: "Unbearable; why, yesterday I heard him split an infinitive."

Harold Sherman: "The palmist told me that I was at the end of all my troubles."

Jay Miller: "But did she say which end?"

The optimist is the fellow who can still say, "So far, so good," after having fallen the first fourteen or fifteen stories.

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**AMES  
MUSIC  
HOUSE**

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The question on the board was, "What is a molecule?"

And Jibby Jones, we hear, received a hundred per cent with the answer, "A molecule is something so small that it cannot be seen through a microbe."

Mary Scott: "What is your chief worry?"

Richard Mixa: "Money."

Mary: "I didn't know you had any."

Richard: "I haven't."

Otto Richardson (on hunting trip)): "What is the name of the species I have just shot?"

Boyd Young: "I have just been investigating, and he says his name is Smith."

Mrs. Garo: "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

D. Moody: "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Garo: "Why is it wrong?"

D. Moody: "Because you ain't went yet?"

Verdene: "Mr. Smith shot himself today."

Karyl: "He did? That's the last thing I would do."

Verdene: "Well, that's the last thing he did."

Jibby Jones: "Say, how long could I live without brains?"

Mr. Vanderlinden: "That remains to be seen."

You will have a Merry  
 Christmas and many happy  
 days in the New Year if you  
 are wearing a pair of our  
 Shoes.

When you are looking for  
 the new and different style  
 you want to see us.

*Hosiery "as you like it."*

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good candies.

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*Quick and Efficient  
Service*

Phone 231

410 Douglas Ames, Iowa

Miss Waters: "Maxwell, will you give the present tense of je suis bon?"

Maxwell Brockman: "Je suis bon.  
Tu es bones.  
Il est beans.  
Nous sommes bums.  
Vous etes bombs.  
Ils sont banned."

Laura: "I'm writing to tell him that I didn't mean what I said in my last letter."

Bugs: "What did you say in your last letter?"

Laura: "That I didn't mean what I said in the one before."

Jean: "How times have changed!"

Rosalie: "Yes?"

Jean: "Imagine Rosa Bonheur painting a flock of Ford tractors."

Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is usually followed by a greater.—Roche.

Miss Seaman: "Who was the smallest man mentioned in history?"

Jibby: "The Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

George Akin (entering shoe store): "I'd like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet."

Clerk: "So would I."

## IF IT WERE ONLY TRUE

Mr. Davis: "I'm sorry, Dale, but you have flunked in both basketball and football. I'm afraid that you must drop history and mathematics until you can make them up."

Mr. Eiker: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"

Marion Rapp: "No, sir, not at all."

"Are you still engaged to that homely Tess girl?"

"No, I'm not."

"Good for you. How did you ever get out of it?"

"Married her!"

Frances Martin: "Did your new play have a happy ending?"

Roger Martin: "I should say so. Everyone was glad when it was over."

Bob Hansen: "Isn't the ocean swell?"

Bob Cole: "Yes and there is something queer about it that impresses me favorably."

Bob Hansen: "I feel that way, too. I guess it's because we don't see any bill-boards."

Miss Seaman: "What is the World Court?"

Helen Jameson: "I guess it must be the place they are going to hold the international tennis matches."

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Phone 62 - - - Ames

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Christmas will be a  
Merry One—**

have a year-round account,  
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Bank.

Now is a splendid time to  
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Hats Cleaned  
and Blocked by  
the latest approved  
method

Ph. 721J—310 Main St.

Mrs. Garo: "Mr. Harlan, what is the complexion of your baby—dark or fair?"  
Mr. Harlan: "To tell you the truth, he is a little yellor."

Ruck Kintzley: "What did you get for your last birthday?"

Joe Mansfield: "Well, have you seen those new sporty Cadillacs?"

Ruck: "Yeah."

Joe: "Well, I got roller-skates."

Dick Mixa: "Congratulate me! I've just thought of something clever."

Ray Shipman: "Beginner's luck!"

Guide: "These ruins are 2,000 years old."

Max Cameron: "G'wan, it's only 1925 now!"

To preserve the shape of your nose, stop poking it into other people's business.

Aldis Rubey: "He's the funniest fellow I ever struck."

Ruth Scott: "Did he live?"

Mr. Eiker to Max Brockman: "How many make a million?"

Max: "Not very many."

Found on a Soph's registration card: NAME OF PARENTS—Mamma and papa.

"And what in France did you enjoy the most, Raymond?"

"Well, Miss Waters, I think it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

Miss Kinnier: "When you have an argument at your house, does your wife take part?"

Mr. Davis: "No, she takes all of it!"

Elizabeth Fish: "I've got a bad head this morning."

Ruth Raymond: "I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off."

Mrs. Young: "Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Edith Cox: "I don't know, or I would take some myself."

Difficult Customer: "I can't remember the name of the car I want—I think it starts with T."

Sam Harter: "Madam, all our cars start with gasoline."

Ellen B.: "I hear they are going to flunk half of our class."

Kenneth H.: "Yea—they have a faculty for giving low grades around here."

Weather Forecast—Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday.



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1. Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. When you smile or laugh, your brain for the moment is freed from the load that it ordinarily carries.
2. Learn to tell a helpful story. A well-told story is as wholesome and welcome as a sun-beam in a sick room.
3. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to linger over your ills and sorrows.
4. Learn to stop crabbing. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.
5. Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

—Exchange.

Jack Graves had displayed lately a great deal of love for his old high school. Since his graduation, he has paid the school more visits than any other alumnus. Is it that he has left something in our school that he comes to see, or is it pure love for the school from which he was graduated that is the cause of Mr. Graves' frequent visits? It is unquestionably the latter!

Paul Crockett: "I think I ought to write a book on Popular Ignorance."

Blaine Iler: "I know of no one more competent to undertake it."

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